

with which alone one is concerned here,"^ the
form has
changed repeatedly, and on each such
occasion the loud
protests raised by the representatives of old
and recognised
schools have proved ineffectual. One rule, one
dogma after
another, has been set aside, and still and ever
the evolution
has continued. To say that the artist in
fiction must do
this and must not do that is to expose oneself
to the ridi-
cule, at times, even of one's contemporaries,
and certainly of
posterity. Take a comparatively recent epoch
and think
of the dogmas and the protests brought
forward by the
Classiques-in their great contest with the
Eomantiques in
France, and remember who, in the end, were
vanquished.

Thus men of conservative views may protest,
but if there
be a good cause for any evolution, which one
or another
writer may essay, it will end by triumphing in
spite of all
the opposition offered to it.

The art of the novelist has been often
likened to that
of the painter, but it does not follow that this is
the only
possible comparison. A novelist may liken
himself to a
sculptor, in fact to anybody he chooses.
Nothing, more-
over, is final. The world, as modern scientists
have just re-
discovered, and as Heraclitus asserted three
and twenty
centuries ago, is not a being but a becoming.
Change is
the universal law, even in matter; and if some
minds, im-
prisoned within narrow ideas and formulas, find

it impossible
to contemplate the possibility of certain
changes, they must
yield to the broader minds for which everything
is possible*
The world's changes are reflected in its
literature. Science
within our own time has profoundly modified
the study
and the writing of history. As for the novel,
the Eoman-
ticists spoke no last word, for it was not in
their power